The Robot and the Nun

This story takes place several weeks before Magical Girl Raising Project

Absolutely not.

This was the philosophy of Makoto Andou.

When something presents itself, she'd rather take the easy way out. There's no shame as long as you're still alive.

This is what caused her to fail exams, what caused her to have such low grades, and what caused her to basically have to be a part-time worker to pay the bills.

Her parents were disappointed in her, so she ran away.

Rather not deal with that.

Life's pretty good on your own.

Makoto had stayed over at her friend's place, it's been two weeks since she's done this.

If she needed a drink, she'd go to the local park and drink at the fountain there.

Snatch up what lunch and food you can get at the convenience store she works in for food.

She even had her own soup kitchen, in the form of some homeless man under the bridge, providing her with food or shelter in exchange for other things.

It's not like she started this way just now.

She remembered getting money by making a bet with an obviously bad Mahjong player. To secure victory, she would always challenge those who are inferior in skill to her.

No shame in that.

Basically, if a job's too hard, Makoto won't do it. If a job's easy enough and pays more than what it's worth, then she'll do it.

And that's how she got in this situation.

Her friend that she's been staying over with, she had a peculiar rental payment.

"Well, I'll leave you to it! I expect it by the time I get back home, kay?"

Slam

She left for school, and Makoto was left in the living room with her smartphone.

The instructions were already written down on what she had to do, so Makoto simply turned on the app,

Magical Girl Raising Project

It's apparently called 'Magical Girl' Raising Project, but when Makoto logged in, what she saw was hardly what she'd expect in a Magical Girl.

The avatar was a small robot girl.

Looking around the play area, there were other Magical Girl players with more… traditional? Fantasy-like? Kind of outfits.

Makoto's character was a robot that floated with her rocket boosters.

Come to think of it, if Makoto looked at the room around her, she could see plenty of model kits for robots, and magazines about robots too.

Her friend was never really into robots, but throughout her time staying here, Makoto knows she had a boyfriend who was into that sort of thing.

Must've been an influence.

Well, time to grind.

Makoto entered the in-game arena and fought with a variety of other players. She also took on quests and defeated monsters.

She got cards as rewards, experience, leveled up.

This was the rental payment.

One thing that Makoto didn't understand was the game's business model. It's obviously good for the customer if this game was free, but there were no advertisements, no form of in-game payment.

Someone would actually take the time to make a *completely free* game, and manage it.

Servers are ridiculous without money, and this game's pretty popular, so she was surprised there was no attempt to monetize it. It just seemed a tad bit suspicious.

Then, she saw a strange black and white sphere on the phone.

"Congrats, Pon! You've been selected to become a real Magical Girl, Pon!"

Oh god.

She broke it.

Maybe she had to reset the app, but she couldn't quit it. Maybe she had to turn off the phone, but it might break it.

"From now on, you'll become a Magical Girl to protect N-City, Pon!"

"Ahh quiet, quiet for a bit, I'm trying to figure this out"

"Well… that's not a very polite response, Pon!"

"Politeness is for later, lemme just… figure this- huh?"

It talked back.

"Welp, no time for regrets, Pon! I'll just have to show you, Pon!"

A bright light shone on Makoto.

Suddenly, her skin felt metallic… somehow. When she moved, she felt more robotic, and she somehow grew shorter…

She looked at her hands. Robotic hands.

The mirror confirmed it.

Somehow she became her avatar,

Magicaloid 44

“I’ve met my ideal prince!”

It’s been a few days since Magicaloid 44 had transformed, and already she was meeting other Magical Girls.

This one is Sister Nana.

She looks religious.

When she wanted to meet up, Magicaloid 44 thought it was going to be some kind of strange preaching missionary work.

To be quite honest, since Magicaloid’s mentor was an insane homicidal maniac by the name of Calamity Mary, this was a nice change of pace.

Still annoying.

“She’s sweet, handsome, cool, athletic, knowledgeable, and undefeatable!” said Sister Nana.

What the hell was this girl talking about?

“Sounds like a pretty nice girl,” said Magicaloid.

“Isn’t she just the greatest?” said Sister Nana.

“Yep. Totally. Absolutely. Why did you meet up with me again?”

Sister Nana was the one who wanted an appointment with Magicaloid 44 in the first place, so it’s not like she’d just call a meeting to ramble on and on…

…Then again.

“Magicaloid 44, you’re a Magical Girl from the 22nd century, right?”

“Eh? Oh, uh… totally, that’s my backstory!”

“And you can pull out useful items from the future, right?”

“Well… I have useless items, too, but yeah!”

“Do you mind if I loan some of your items?”

“Eh?”

“My ideal prince is an ideal prince, but as a Magical Girl, I’m stronger than her! She can’t protect me, so I need to make her on the same stage as I am! Please let me use your tools!”

What the hell is this girl talking about.

“What I want… is for my ideal prince to become a Magical Girl too,” said Sister Nana.

She took out a brown envelope.

Oh?

“I’m even willing to compensate for it!”

Now we’re talking

Sister Nana smiled. A sweet, angelic smile. Such innocence, such naivety, cha-ching!

Magicaloid nodded, and she pulled out something from her bag.

Her magic doesn’t let her know what item she’ll pull out, but after she pulls it out, she’ll know exactly what the item does.

The fact that it’s random doesn’t help.

Aaaand…

Insect Gender Identifier

It allows you to literally identify if an insect is a male or a female

Crap, she messed up.

Oh god no, the *money*!

“What’s that?” asked Sister Nana.

Think fast.

“JA JA JA JAAAAAN!!! Insect Gender Identifier! It allows you to identify if an insect is male or female!”

“And what’s that for?” asked Nana politely.

Er…

Oh crap…

“Insects are mysterious creatures. Strange creatures. Theorized to be visitors from outer space. By making contact with these fantastic creatures, you may increase the chances of becoming a Magical Girl!”

That took her 15 seconds to come up with.

“Oh my, how wonderful!” cried Nana.

Oh, this nun is eating it up.

For Magicaloid 44, it’s actually harder for her to earn Magical Candies.

Not in the way you think.

Magicaloid is the least human of the N-City Magical Girls. A tiny robot, about the size of a child. More often than not, if she comes to help people, most of them would run away scared that a robot is coming to them.

In the Magical Girl sightings website, people are disputing if she’s even a Magical Girl to begin with.

The most accepted theory is that either

‘She is a robot controlled by someone else’

‘She is a robot controlled by magic’

So, you can imagine how harder it is for Magicaloid to actually get a proper way to save others. At the very least, she tries.

Oh, and Sister Nana visited again.

“It broke, Magicaloid. I apologize…”

Magicaloid’s magic has a one day limited use, so items will naturally break after that time period.

“OH! WONDERFUL! My items only break if someone with high magical energy absorbs them all! She must’ve absorbed all of it!”

Great save.

“Really?”

And the money continues.

Debris Removal Machine

Draw-Manga-in-a-Day Pen

Anti-Magic Gun

Every day, Magicaloid earned Yen. It’s been, what, a million Yen now?

Unfortunately…

…A week later.

“Thank you oh so very much!” said Sister Nana, standing beside another Magical Girl.

Another?

“This is Weiss Winterprison, my ideal prince! Thanks to your *Magic Enhancing Earrings*, Fav came and saw potential in her, now she’s a real Magical Girl!” said Nana happily.

Winterprison nodded.

Oh shit.

That night, Nana and Winterprison invited Magicaloid over for dinner, as a celebratory party. Of course, for the trouble, Nana still made a compensation to Magicaloid.

At least this is the last bit of money she can squeeze out. Magicaloid had no idea if she can find someone else as gullible.

At the dinner table were four people.

Sister Nana, gushing over Winterprison.

Winterprison, still nervous about seeing all these other Magical Girls.

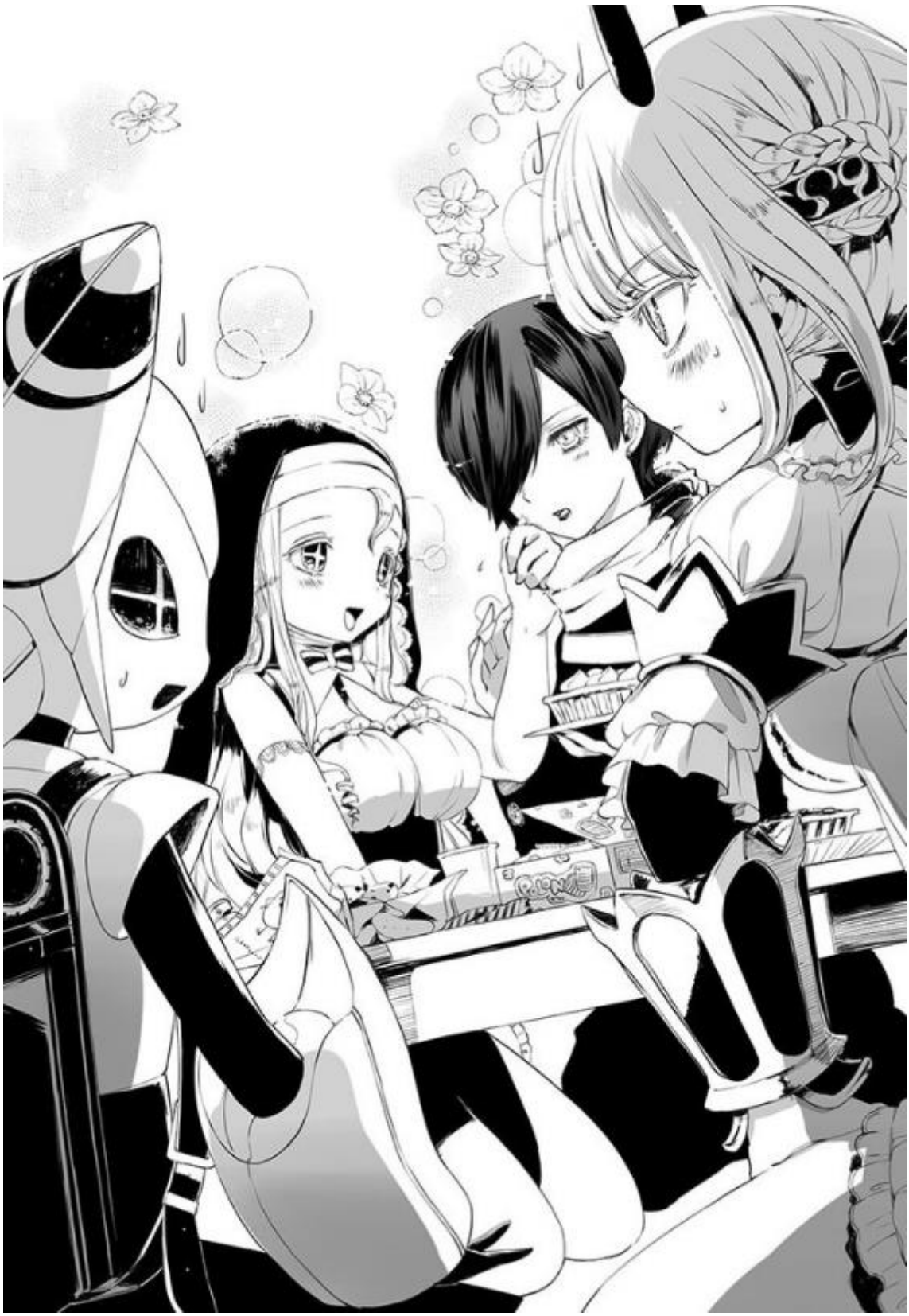
Magicaloid, of course.

And a Dragon Knight, La Pucelle, who was just silently eating.

“So…” said Magicaloid to La Pucelle.

La Pucelle glanced at her,

“You friends with Sister Nana?” asked Magicaloid.



“Er, yeah, but… She’s my mentor, and I’m grateful for that.”

“Mentor, eh? So you learned a lot from her?”

“About Magical Girls, yeah.”

So the nun mentored the knight. Huh, that’s funny.

Magicaloid leaned over to La Pucelle, whispering slightly so that they wouldn’t be heard by the other two.

“So… what do you think of her?”

“Huh?”

“Be honest, I won’t judge.”

“I mean, she’s a nice lady. I honestly think she’s kind of… pure? In a way.”

“So you’re actually into this pure love kinda deal?”

“Well, she’s in love, so I can’t blame her for being a bit… aloof,” said La Pucelle.

Magicaloid snickered.

“Y’know what I think?”

“What?”

“I think you’re saying that cause *you’re* in love with someone too.”

La Pucelle spat some orange juice that she was drinking, and her tail shook the table. Her face immediately blushed red.

“Oh my, are you okay, La Pucelle?” asked Nana.

“Yeah, yeah… Mind if I be excused a bit?” said La Pucelle as she left the table.

“’Scuse me as well! You two have fun!” said Magicaloid as she followed La Pucelle.

They went to the balcony of Nana’s apartment.

“So who is it?” asked Magicaloid.

“Huh?”

“C’mon, you can tell me. Who’s your crush?”

“No, no, it’s not… I haven’t seen her in a long time, anyways, she was from back in elementary school.”

“Ah… any particular reason?”

“*Sigh*… I don’t know, we just loved Magical Girls, I guess.”

“Hmhm, you’re an interesting one, La Pucelle.”

The night came to an end, and La Pucelle bid farewell as Winterprison washed the dishes. Magicaloid was also going to bid farewell as well, preparing to fly out from the balcony.

Sister Nana approached her alone before she did that, though.

“Oh, Magicaloid, a request,” she said.

“Yes?”

“Do you know of any… dangerous places?”

Huh?

Well, technically…

“The red-light district is protected by my mentor, Calamity Mary. Though… *protected* is a very nice way of saying it. As long as you don’t say this to her directly, though. She’s a homicidal maniac, so… That’s technically dangerous. She also hates having Magical Girls on her turf, other than her students.”

“Ah, thank you, Magicaloid!”

With that, Magicaloid 44 flew back into the night sky.

As she flew over, she went home into her friend’s apartment. The daily routine of Makoto Andou is still there.

Getting food, visiting that homeless man under the bridge, becoming a Magical Girl.

So long as life is still okay, Magicaloid would do anything to keep it that way.

Becoming a Magical Girl was quite strange to Winterprison.

She felt a surge of power, and was quite unprepared for what comes with it. Still, she had Nana to teach her.

Sister Nana meant everything to her, and no matter what, Winterprison knew that she had to protect Nana.

Sister Nana checked on Winterprison.

“How are you doing, Shizuku?”

“Dishes are clean for now, Nana.”

“I heard of a Magical Girl, quite a bit of a troublemaker in the red-light district. Do you think it would be okay to visit her? Calamity Mary?”

“Can’t say I know her by name. I’m new, after all,” said Winterprison.

“Well, it might be a bit dangerous, but… as long as you’re here.”

“If that’s what you want… I’ll protect you, no matter what,” said Winterprison.

Sister Nana was everything to Winterprison. She’s a bit aloof, and at first, Winterprison wasn’t really a fan of those kinds of girls.

Still, she warmed up to her.

Now, Winterprison knew that Nana would be the one she’ll protect.

If Nana wants to visit this place, Winterprison will make damn sure she doesn’t get hurt at all.